The Interspecies Newsletter

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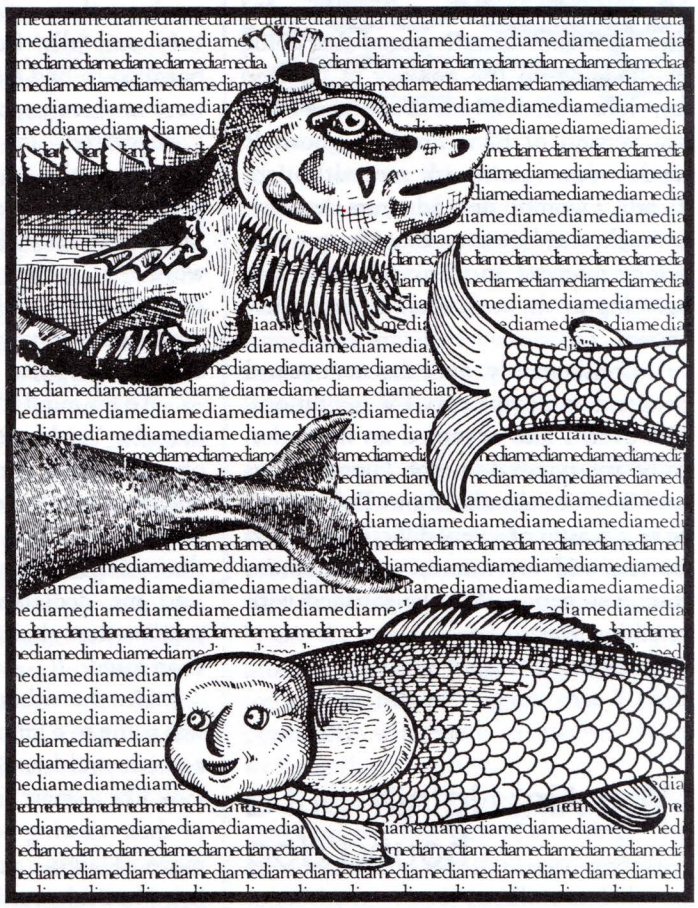
& Making Media Not Making Media



Getting the message out. It's always been a pivotal activity of this non-profit and, over the years, the list of our film, radio, print, and TV credits has grown extensively. IC's TV credits, alone, include shows for ABC, NBC, PBS, Televisa (Latin America, NTV (Japan), German TV, and several cable syndicates within the US and Canada. Perhaps our corporate charter from 1978 states it best: IC is an educational organization maintaining a program of research that seeks to better understand what can be communicated between human beings and other animals. Such a statement strongly implies that any media we produce is going to focus on the cusp where human beings interact with nature. And whereas many a past newsletter has explored that cusp in terms of the media we utilize to communicate directly with our animal subjects, this newsletter concentrates, instead, on the media we produce to illuminate that cusp within the larger human community. Below, you will find commentary about several of our recent and ongoing media projects.

The Interview

IN MY ROLL AS AN ADVOCATE for dolphins I get asked about once a year to appear on some TV interview show . Inevitably, the producers want me to represent a non-scientific point of view, speaking to such issues as dolphin consciousness, while illuminating my so-called 'expert opinions' with colorful anecdotes taken from my own experience.

Unfortunately, the substance of these interviews, (which, by the way are inevitably aired during the TV black hole of 2 to 5 PM) are framed in a context that is utterly alien to the way most people actually talk and think. For example, the producers usually prefer that an interviewee never take more than three sentences to respond to any single question, no matter how complex or subtle the answer may seem. Also, realize that the host, who may have been briefed about the subject matter a few hours previously, is not actually paid to phrase questions possessed of any substance. Instead, the questions are usually written down in advance by the producers.

Some might even go so far as to define the good host as a kind of an anti-host, who has set out to take total control over the flow, the timing and the tenor of his guest's discussion. he goads them to disagree without ever acknowledging any personal opinions of his own. Some host.

In a word, the format is difficult. We interviewees are coached to interrupt the other guests in the middle of their answers. This discourtesy is supposed to add some heat to what is otherwise a very frigid format. It also means that the other guest was chosen sheerly by his or her ability to disagree with me. Unfortunately, unless one of us guests turns out to be a maniac (or a very good actor) in real life, disagreement rarely intercedes. Very few normal people are ever going to bother to get worked up when they know there is absolutely no chance for a full venting of contrariness. Or for that matter, why would I ever want to interrupt a colleague, when I already know that the host is a pro at cutting people off after three sentences?

Last year, while taping a show in Vancouver, I suddenly found myself on camera and tongue-tied, feeling quite incapable to offer up simplistic verbal sketches to explain what I considered to be very complex interspecies relationships based on highly enigmatic animal behavior. At one point, I ended up rendering the very real charisma of the dolphins down to the compressed statement that "it is the power we humans give to them." I underscored this point by dredging up the analogy of teenage fan clubs with dolphins as a kind of new-age version of Elvis Presley's ghost. It made some sense to me although, clearly, I won no new admirers that day. It taught me, however, that I better take a long moment to think it over before agreeing to do any more TV interview shows.

Consequently, over the next year, I declined to accept two TV invitations. However, I also accepted an invitation to be interviewed by Bob Hieronymous on his national radio show. Bob proved to be a master of a very difficult form and he renewed my interest in the entire interview genre. Why be satisfied with anything less?

You Aint Nothin' but a hound dog

GIVEN MY CHECKERED PAST, I quickly declined when a producer called this Fall to invite me to appear as a guest on his brand new interview show entitled *Report from the Unknown*. Once again, the segment in question was to focus on dolphin intelligence. But then he called again a few days later, and this time piqued my interest by mentioning that the other guest was Ken Norris, an emeritus professor of dolphin studies from UC Santa Cruz. The producer made me an offer I couldn't refuse. I accepted the invitation to appear.

It was the standard setup. Professor Norris was to represent the scientific point of view about dolphin abilities (not unlike a smart dog) and I was to talk about higher consciousness. Somehow, I trusted that professor Norris would never permit himself to get pigeonholed. Also, the three-sentence rule got me reading some haiku, the Japanese poetry form in which the history of the world gets compressed down to 17 precise syllables. If the Japanese could do it, why couldn't I?

I also made an attempt to warn the producer that, unless his questions were very carefully framed, he would be horrified to find that the professor and I were in agreement more often than not. I suggested, for example, that he consider the word *intelligence* as possessing a precise objective meaning for the professor. For me, however, the word is purely hierarchical and profoundly unecological because it is predisposed to place humans at the top of the smart pile.

To my mind it's just more apples and oranges. Yet because of the constraints of the three-sentence rule, I felt obligated to tell the producer that unless he permitted me the time to develop that unorthodox context, he might just find me declaring, instead, the *non sequitur* that chairs are more intelligent than squid.

On the other hand, the producer was going to a lot of trouble to get me on camera, and I certainly did not want to look like a smart ass intellectual in front of their viewing audience. So I studied more Haiku, and practiced some hypothetical questions and answers.

Q- What makes dolphins special?

A- They are all love. And those people who believe they are special have felt that love firsthand.

Q- Do you think they are any more intelligent than dogs?

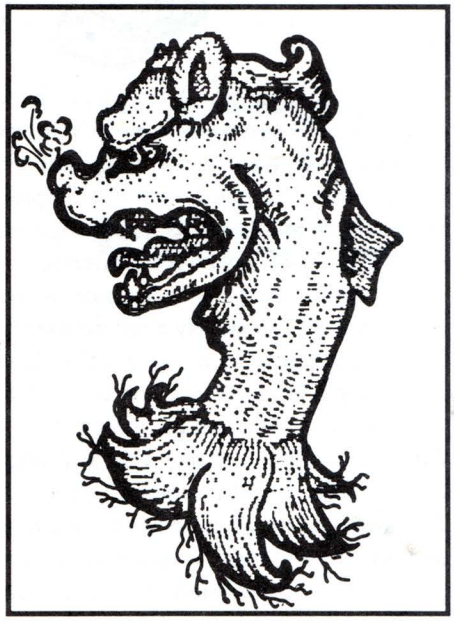
A- Well, it all depends on whether or not you are defining intelligence as wisdom, reason, compassion, or trainability. However, I also feel that dogs are smart too.

THEN CAME THE SHOW. Professor Norris and the Host sat in a TV studio in LA, and I sat alone in front of a mirror/camera in another studio in Seattle. A satellite beamed our voices back and forth. I never even got a glimpse of another human face. It felt just about 40% more disembodied than talking on the telephone.

If I had to grade my performance, I'd be generous to award myself a C+. My problems started right at the introduction. The host opened the show by reading a passage stating that dolphins are all love. It meant that I couldn't use my pre-defined answer equating dolphins with love, without sounding like a plagiarist. It was all downhill after that, reaching rock bottom when I answered a question about the healing powers of dolphins by declaring that, sometimes, sickness is all in the mind of the ailing. And after all, some people believe that Elvis Presley's ghost can also heal. Yes, I really did say that.

But to my mind, the professor also rates no bettter than a C+, although for very different reasons. At one point, he actually came out and said that, after fifty years spent in the company of dolphins, he believes they're just about as smart as dogs. With all due humility, that answer makes me wonder if he's spent 50 years equating intelligence with trainability. I'll take wisdom and compassion any day.

On the other hand, I had a formulated answer ready and waiting the moment the professor sprung his dog analogy. "Isn't it Mumon, the Zen master, who once wrote:



Has a dog Buddha Nature?
This is the most serious question of all.
If you answer yes or no
You lose your own Buddha Nature."

EXCEPT I NEVER GOT TO SAY IT. The professor got swept away and spoke on for a few sentences beyond his allotted ration. I found myself tongue-tied again, simply too polite to interrupt this soft-spoken gentleman who had done so much for the cause of cetaceans. And the longer I waited for him to finish, the more doubts I had about spouting off such an erudite answer. I imagined the producer listening to me and then slapping his forehead in anger... Buddha Nature? I thought we were talking about intelligence? Who hired this guy, anyway?

The moment the professor finished his interminable 40 second lecture, our Host deftly changed the subject. My chance was gone forever.

In conclusion, to answer what may be your own unasked but very pointed question about whether or not I'm going to fall prey to any more TV interview shows, I can only answer with a concise but resounding... who knows?

Primetime

IN AUGUST OF 1989 the ABC Thursday night show, *Primetime Live*, flew a crew up the coastline of British Columbia to film IC's annual Orca Project. The three of them spent an entire week on site with the six of us, shooting many hours of film that captured the ambience of a wilderness camp of musicians busy developing a communication relationship with free-swimming orcas.

We at IC have always asserted that the life and culture of our instant community is every bit as innovative as the vital rush of music that transpires when the whales drop by late at night to sing with us. The ABC crew seemed to acclimatize very quickly to the process of living in this wilderness community that included the orcas as a guiding presence. Consequently, we were elated to notice that by their second day onsite, the crew had started focussing their cameras on the community itself, in an attempt to depict our "sense of place" on film.

THE DIRECTOR, Rudy Bednar, also conducted lengthy interviews with each one of us. These sessions, sometimes focusing on individuals, sometimes on the entire group, were held around a campfire or on the bridge of our boat. Intriguingly, no matter what the initiated subject started out as, it always seemed to settle into a deeper discussion about our community serving, in some small way, as a prototype to help guide the entire culture away from its current exploitive relationship to nature. We all talked about developing an aesthetic and Gaian perception of nature.

It seemed almost too easy for us to find examples to elucidate this path. All we needed to do was point directly across the strait at the last virgin watershed on Vancouver Island which was then in the process of being clearcut. All we needed to do was point to the waterway, itself, which used to be full of orcas at this time of year. But they were not there. Excessive net-fishing combined with a ballooning whale-watching industry had caused the whales to flee.

RUDY ALSO ASKED US to describe how we had learned to distinguish between, firstly, orcas and humans merely making sounds simultaneously, and secondly, orcas and humans creating a musical dialogue in response to one another. In the grandest of terms, the difference between the two is the difference between delusion and communion.

Rudy rephrased that same question ten different ways on five different days. Inevitably, by the fifth day, we had not only learned to give good concise answers, but we'd also discovered the path each of us had taken to get to the very same place.

In my own case, I described simultaneity in terms of the disconnected although concurrent conversations at a lively cocktail party.

A dialogue, on the other hand, reveals the same sense of communion inherent in any good music making. As it refers to the objectives of our ongoing Orca Project, that warm glow of communion transforms anyone's connection to nature into something new and positive. Something downright revolutionary.

ALL OF US REMARKED that, every year, the whales seem to disappear for longer and longer periods. Unfortunately, this year was the worst yet. The whales vanished for an entire week, starting just before the commencement of the filming process. It was the longest departure during the month of August that I have personally witnessed in twelve years working that coastline.

Thankfully, the orcas reappeared again on the last day of shooting. The crew kayaked down the coast, and then spent the next hour paddling and filming the whales as they slowly swam towards our moored boat.

When the orcas finally reached the headland that defines the entrance to our cove, they were being closely followed by three large whale watching boats. Did the boats have anything to do with the fact that the pod was so uncharacteristically silent. And whereas the orcas typically choose to make a sharp right hand turn into our cove—presumably to visit our own anchored boat with its dangling array of underwater speakers and hydrophones—this time they decided to keep in the channel travelling due west.

Then came a dramatic change for the better. Just as the pod seemed on the

verge of exiting the area altogether, the musicians onboard our boat altered their tune from a dronal piece in a minor key to a very upbeat rhythm reminiscent of an old James Brown dance riff.

Almost immediately, one of the whales turned 180 degrees and started heading right for us. It was A6, a large bull saddled with that improbable name by the local biologists. We know A6 well. Both he and his recently deceased mother, Nicola, had always been the most frequent cetacean visitors to our music-making camp. Not only does A6 possess the most wildly animated signature whistle of all the whales on this coast, but he also displays the most consistent interest in human music. These two traits cause me to reach the blatently anthropomorphic conclusion that of all the whales in this Strait, A6 is the master musician of his species. In fact, I have probable recordings of him interacting with my own music from as far back as 1978.

When A6 turned, we were jubilant. Only rarely has music ever diverted the whales once they are already committed to passing us by. Significantly, both A6's change in direction as well as the music that prompted that change, had been caught on audio and videotape. This reversal was followed by two good minutes of interaction between the big bull orca and my own solo guitar. A6 swam within 100 yards of our boat and then hung there for five minutes before turning back to rejoin his pod. He gave one last call, and then turned silent again.

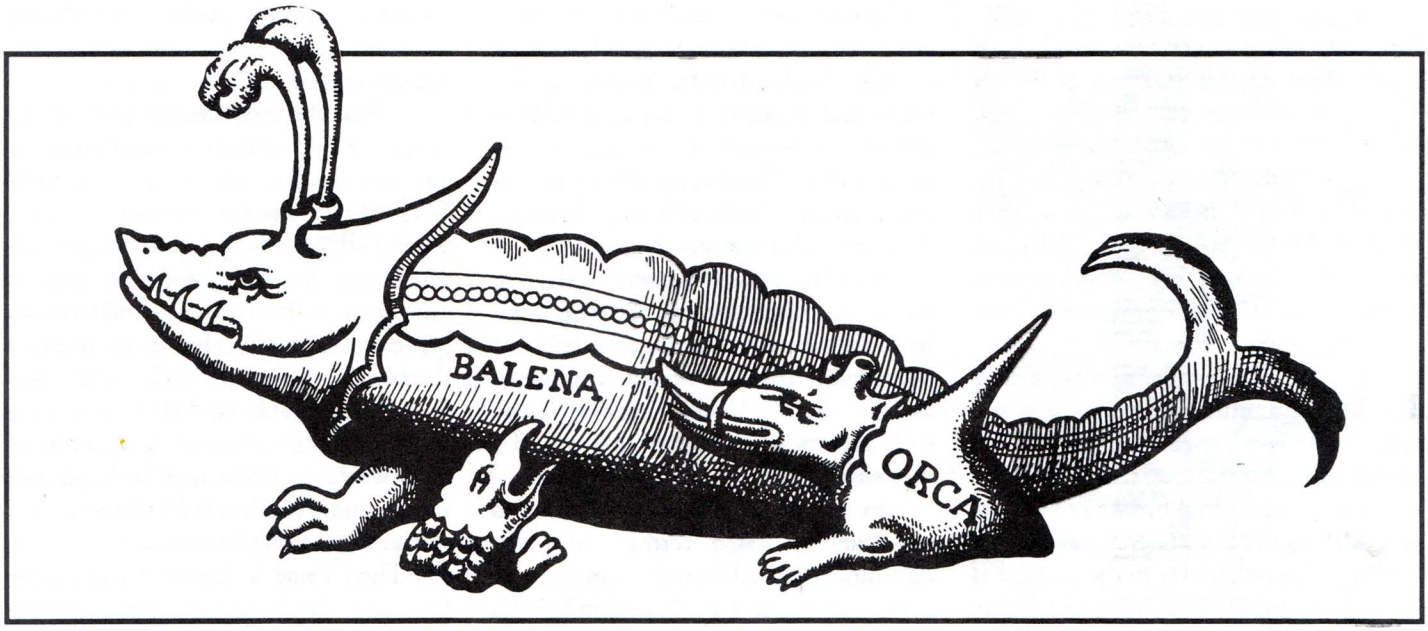
These two traits cause me to reach the blatently anthropocentric conclusion that, of all the whales in the strait, A6 is the master musician of his species.

GIVEN THE FACT THAT ORCAS can vocalize underwater at the volume of a jet airplane at takeoff, 100 yards felt quite adequate and even exciting by our own standards. However, in terms of the film maker's own visual needs, the distance proved a disaster. Whale and boat were simply too far apart, meaning that the predetermined "payoff" shot of the orcas swimming *inside* the same camera frame as our boat was never actually captured on film. And A6's reversal of direction that had seemed so stirring to all of us who have worked with the whales over the years, looked like nothing at all when filtered through the camera lens.

A YEAR AND A HALF HAS PASSED since A6 surprised me by switching direction. And *Primetime Live* still has not aired that segment. Several reasons were offered to us in explanation. Despite pre-production sessions spent deflating expectation levels that neither IC nor the whales would ever be able to meet, the folks back in New York City may have still ended up expecting a standard nature film full of breaching whales and scientists peering through binoculars. What they got instead was a boatload of non-expert, consciousness radicals; a pod of happy campers.

That rejection was especially discouraging because *Primetime* purports to be a news show. The quiet destruction of the British Columbia Coastline is just about as thorough and devastating a news event as the very high-profile destruction of the Amazon rainforest. The fact that the film crew had filmed the result of this destruction in microcosm—as the personal crisis of a unique interspecies relationship endangered by overfishing, clear cutting, and overtourism—seemed to make for an especially poignant news report.

We privately wondered if the worldview of our work simply proved too unothodox for the very primetime *Primetime*. Disinterest in new ideas has always been a tragic flaw of primetime American television. That lack of originality is probably a function of all the aspirin companies, car companies, beer companies and all the other companies who hold an iron grip on the form and content of TV. The sponsors control the system and the system, in



turn, encourages the sponsors to mold any show's content into filler and bait to help them peddle their goods to the lowest common denominator.

People who spout Mumon, who play elk calls to orcas, who not only assert a belief in telepathy but also practice that telepathy with other species—in other words people like the six of us—are not easily contained with that worldview. The fact that we continually relate our work to a low-consumption, bioregional, ecological lifestyle; makes us, somehow, unfit subjects for commercially sponsored television.

But hold on. Let me temper that criticism by offering many thanks to the producers and crew of *Primetime*, especially old friend and supporter Kim Spencer. Thank you all for taking a chance with us.

It seems important to emphasize that all that edited footage is still sitting on their shelf. I remain an optimist. I still believe they will air it someday.

Nature Films

NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR. During 1990 alone, stories about IC's work have appeared in many journals including *Trumpeters*, *Orion*, *Whole Earth Review*, *Pacific*, *Experimental Musical Instruments*, *Animal's Agenda*, *E*. It indicates that we do quite well with print media.

IC's work with turkeys, first recorded back in the early 1970s has recently been re-released by the Smithsonian as one cut of a beautifully packaged cassette for children entitled *A Fish That's a Song*. Besides our own version of *Froggy went a courtin'* with 300 turkeys, there are also cuts by the likes of Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, and Elizabeth Cotton singing *Freight Train*. If you're interested, send in the order form on the back page. The success of this cassette seems to indicate that we also do quite well with audio media.

However, the stories above should make it quite clear by now that we haven't had much luck getting our message out to the TV media.

In fact, incidents such as those described here have recurred enough times over the years to force us to come to grips with the entire genre of the TV nature film. Why doesn't it work for us? Or let's generalize the issue. Does it work for anyone?

In its stereotypical form, the nature film might be best symbolized by the redundant image of a field biologist lying close to the ground (or water) with binoculars hung around his or her neck. He or she is pointing, always pointing off into the distance at some animal species; while whispering, always whispering into the microphone so as not to scare the beast away.

Simultaneously, a sober narrator ostensibly transmits a sense of authority by reading from a script that describes the sobering facts concerning the particular human/nature cusp being depicted.

Perhaps, no person has mined the nuances of the format more deeply and more succcessfully than Jacques Cousteau. But even Cousteau, whose underwater footage is so utterly breath taking, places far too much show time on featuring some new and exotic technology. We are seen shot after shot of his manly crew (it's always men) unloading, constructing, maintaining, and finally using that new gadget in the romantic cause of "expanding the frontiers of our knowledge". It is a vision of nature as adventure, conceived and perpetrated by engineers.

THREE KEY WORDS finally emerge to describe the standard nature film: observation, expertism, and objectivity. In other words, the genre is based upon the exact same premises as field biology.

Those terms also point to several good reasons why IC has never made a satisfying nature film. We tend to focus, instead, on co-creation and communion. The relationship we embrace is highly experiential, and rejects the separation between observer and observed favored by both field biology and its filmic form of expression.

Also, IC may be unique in all the world as an organization that consistently sponsors artists instead of scientists to research animals and nature. This stated emphasis clearly signifies that the intent of our research is primarily aesthetic and therefore quite subjective. No wonder we have so much trouble when somebody else—especially an *experienced* film crew—is trying to make an objective statement about our subjective work. More apples and oranges.

IC's JERRY PAVIA and LA film maker Don Cambou have taken that last statement to heart. They have concluded that the Planet is a mess and that the old-style nature film has obviously failed to elicit the kinds of changes we need so badly. Perhaps the time is ripe to re-invent the nature film around the premise of Gaia.

IC walks that Gaian path. We do not encourage stereotypically-masculine solutions based upon gadgetry and/or control. Nor do we promote visual images that express separation from our wild animal peers. We do not peek through binoculars very often, and certainly have little interest in depicting ourselves that way on film. In grand symbolic terms, we wonder if that old cliche simply magnifies the separation, while also accentuating mastery through technology. Likewise, we believe that whispering is a powerful metaphor for invisibility. But it's all a lie. Look around you. Humans are not invisible anywhere else *but* in nature films.

> Like so many other locations in the high-Arctic, this environment can cause hallucinations. Distances implode, horizons double up; you sometimes wonder if you've gotten stranded on another planet. Or another dimension.

Given the impasse, we have started to conceive a new kind of nature film that tinkers with the edges of allegory and myth; a film concept that takes full responsibility for the symbolism contained within the gestures of its protoganists. We play with sound and movement in the hope of initiating an interspecies relationship based on Gaian aesthetics.

THIS NEWSLETTER SHOULD INDICATE by now that we are currently in the stage of asking questions. What do we hope to accomplish by making a film? Is it a given that we need to compromise our perceptions just to get the animals in the shot? What do we eliminate? And conversely, what do we retain? And then there's this one: are we talking about a video made for TV? Or do we want to shoot a feature film for viewing in movie theatres?

Anyone who's ever seen a nature film in a movie theatre and then later watched the same film on TV, can attest that the depth of image and message are almost always the first two casualties of the translation. This occurs because TV has a difficult time presenting more than one idea at a time. The practical limitations of the smaller screen strongly imply that it may not even be possible to translate the fractal images of nature onto a TV screen without also corrupting nature itself.

But there's yet another constraint of the TV media and it cuts quite a bit more deeply. Wendell Berry has commented that, "after 40 years, the evidence is everywhere that television, far from proving a great tool for education, is a tool of stupefaction and disintegration." In other words, the problem lies not only in the medium of the TV screen, but also in the act of watching. Berry's pronouncement signifies that the viewing audience is rarely going to act upon anything they see on TV, because they are being tranquilized at the same time.

All to say that, as the human race enters this crucial environmental decade of the 1990's, the genre of the TV nature film looks to be a resounding dead end as a medium for initiating new ideas about relating to the cusp of humans and nature.

Our own experiences make us agree wholeheartedly with Berry. The verdict is in. If we harbor any serious intentions of transforming the people who watch our film, then lets avoid TV altogether. Let's, instead, shoot a feature to be shown in movie theatres.

SOME OF OUR OTHER QUESTIONS are much more specific. For example, what about a narrator? It's not exactly that these people have nothing to say. The problem has more to do with form than with content. In a word, voice-over narration is lifeless. Its language-as-object given the task of explaining other objects. This typical narration seems *applied* to the events of the film like so much stage makeup, and therefore evinces no sense of participation whatever. I, for one, yearn to hear a narrator express personal discomfit or joy. And why not interject some humor or rhythm into the mix? When will the likes of Robin Williams or MC Hammer go on location to narrate a nature film?

So many questions to answer, and yet so few prototypes. Actually, we've come up with three of them: *Roger and Me*, *Koyaanisquatsi*, and *My Dinner with Andre*. If you haven't already seen any of them, then all I can say is that each one gets my own highest rating. Each is a feature documentary, each is a distinct nonconformist that bucks the form upon which it has been based. Someday we hope to add our own little film to this distinguished list.

A film:

Talking with Beluga

The next bit is a sketchy treatment about our proposed film, mostly written by director Don Cambou, and composed in the breezy style of (and for) the LA film industry.

In general we are dreaming up a theatrical documentary about communicating with beluga whales that picks up stylistically where *Roger and Me* leaves off.

O.K. *Roger and Me* did more to connect to an audience with its curious blend of humor, staging, and actual documentary footage than any number of pious rust bowl documentaries. Why not take the same kind of ironic irreverent chance with a nature film? Why not take a bunch of artists rather than scientists to the Arctic to see if they can communicate with one of the most intelligent, fascinating, beautiful, and least known creatures on the planet—the snow white beluga whale? Why not do it with the full participation and support of the group that, arguably, knows how to communicate with whales better than any other group on earth: Interspecies Communication Inc.? And why not host the documentary with the running commentary of a standup comedian pacing back and forth on the

ice, philosophizing about the whales, the wilderness, the cold, the desire to communicate, the polar bear coming to eat him?

Maybe you take eight or nine artist types, and each one has the same mission: communicate with the belugas using whatever tools, aids, or props you need. Maybe the film breaks up into segments about each artist and his or her attempt. Maybe the most successful attempt comes last. Consider a guitarist, a rap musician, a ceremonialist, an ice sculptor, a chanting Tibetan Lama. How about a tap dancer on a metal raft. How about a neon artist...are we making sense yet?

We know where the belugas live and when they'll be at home: Cunningham Inlet in the Canadian High Arctic from mid-July to mid-August. The mile wide bay is often alive with the sound of the whales vocalizing in the air.

The land is gravelly, bluffy, icy beachfront. And like so many other locations in the high-Arctic, this environment can cause hallucinations. Distances implode, horizons double up; you sometimes wonder if you've gotten stranded on another planet. Or in another dimension.

IC has already mounted four expeditions into the Arctic. They have the skills to get the job done.

By the way, *Roger and Me* made some serious money. Could this film? We like to think so. But there's something more important than money here. The whales. We may seem like we're coming out of left field, but we love the whales.

One last thing.

Interspecies Communication Inc. is a non-profit organization. In that capacity, we shall take full responsibility for mounting the one, and possibly two expeditions that will comprise this film. However, movie making is a high capital, high risk venture. IC has neither the wherewithal, the experience, or even the interest to produce or direct a feature film. It means that IC's expedition will actually be filmed by a for-profit company. That company is now in the process of forming, writing, and proposing. We at IC have already assured our place as consultants during all phases of the production.

– Jim Nollman

If any of our readers have suggestions, ideas or offers about any of this, please write Jerry Pavia at the IC address.

The Visitation

In late September, the IC office was visited by two very full busloads of graduate students from the Audubon Field School based at Leslie College in Boston. The resultant workshops included discussions about bioregionalism, organic gardening, the realities inherent in inventing one's own career, and even the musical ability of whales. A few other key issues emerged:

● These environmental educators argued that teaching students ways to heal the planet by instilling a sense of environmental consciousness, *should be* the primary task of their chosen field, although it is not at this time. Instead, environmental education's current emphasis is on biology and taxonomy and it either obscures the crucial issue of *right relationship* to nature, or denigrates it outright as non-scientific. Curriculum subjects like dissection—that treat animals as objects—are among the most counterproductive tools now being provided to youngsters.

This critique leads them to the conclusion that, at the present time, environmental education does not actually provide the tools needed for building an ethical and perceptual relationship to nature. The entire field needs to be overhauled to prioritize, instead, pragmatic methods to encourage natural healing. For example, instead of sitting on a beach teaching students how to objectively observe wildlife, they want, instead, a curricula that emphasizes the most effective ways, both preventative and symptomatic, to clean up the beach.

Optimistically, our visitors all seemed to agree that, given the current state of the planet, determining right relationship is a far more important task than simply feeding information to children.

● Our visitors also expressed discomfort about employing the traditional educator's tools of a visit to the zoo, or the aquarium, or even a day at a museum browsing the dioramas of dead, stuffed, animals. It's all so sterile. Nor does it acknowledge any sense of the living creatures who actually used to live somewhere wild.

This leads to a profound quandary about confronting the place of curiosity in our lives. These graduate students expressed again and again that animals need to be left alone in their depleted habitats.

● With so many of these students willing to pull the rug out from under the educator's traditional foundation in the biological sciences, they felt a sense of personal bewilderment about what to use as a replacement.

Intriguingly, these graduate students expressed a distinct yearning for a curriculum grounded in the spiritual ecology articulated by IC. One young woman declared that any curriculum not willing to teach the concept of interspecies communication—with its concepts of treating animals as peers—is never going to provide right relationship.

They all acknowledged, however, that given the state of the culture, any spiritual relationship to nature will quickly lose its credibility (and educational legality) by being labeled *spiritual*. Nor does it really matter very much what we call it. Instead, stress the perceptual, the ethical, and the participatory bases of living life within Gaia.

In general, we at IC were gratified to experience such a subtle level of ethical questioning by these teachers in the making. The future seems in good hands.